

Literary Chit-Chat.

The April number of the *North American Review* introduces the new feature of a number of letters commenting on articles in previous issues.

To Bohn's Standard Library has been recently added *The Table Talk and Omniana* of Samuel T. Coleridge.

"The Ideas of the Apostle Paul" is the title under which the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., studies the character and doctrines of this great apostle.

Ik Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell,) after many years of silence is about to speak again to the reading public in a new book entitled "Bound Together: A Sheaf of Papers." In a prefatory note he says. "The book is a medley, in which the grandiloquence of open air speech is set beside the cozy familiarities of the chimney-corner."

Frank Leslie's *Boys' and Girls' Weekly* has suspended publication.

A ballot is being taken through the Editors of "*The Critic and Good Literature*," with a view to the possible creation of an American Academy, to consist, like the French Academy, of "Forty Immortals." The literary public are invited to send individually to the editors of that paper lists of the names of the forty living American writers whom they consider most worthy of membership in such an institution. The result of the voting is to be announced in the *Critic* of April 5th.

In the April number of the *North American Review*, Robert Buchanan the English Poet, discusses "Free Thought in America." Bob Ingersoll and his negations are handled without gloves, and Rev. Mr. Fotheringham with appreciative criticism.

A work on Myths and Dreams by Edward Clodd, is soon to be published.

The London "Athenaeum" ranks Mr. Francis Parkman, "Alongside the great historians whose works are English Classics."

The *London Spectator* says that Mrs. Garden's life of her father, James Hogg, the Ettrick Sheppard is "as good a biography as one can expect a daughter to give of her father."

Nos. 6 and 7 in the "Philosophical Series" of pamphlets now being issued from the press of Scribner & Sons, are by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. The subjects are "Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, and a "Criticism of the Critical Philosophy." They are sure to be good reading.

T. S. Arthur, author of so many useful and popular works is dead. His "Ten nights in a Bar-room," and numerous other Temperance writings have been very effective in promoting the temperance reform.

Dr. Baird has been for ten or twelve years writing his "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America," which will shortly be published.

Miscellaneous.

FROM HOME.

From home! a thin white note that lies within my palm,
And trembles with the throbbing of my pulse,
So frail! a breath of mind might waft it hence,
And cast it with its freight of tidings far from all human ken!
So small! so weak! yet it has travelled far and long,
Traversed the wide ocean and the stranger hills,
To bear me greeting from other side the world.

And now my fingers close on it, and once again
I seem to stand near to those, I left behind,
And listen for the words they'll speak to me.
So slight a thing! as frail as April snow,
And yet I catch my breath to gaze on it,
The while a hand of ice seems laid upon my heart
Turning the hot blood into frozen tears,
And coward fear benumbs my fingers that I dare not open it.

What tidings brings it—is it weal or woe?
Ah! what has happened in the long, long months,
That have gone by since last I stood upon my native sod,
And, weeping, said farewell for aye unto the land that gave me birth?
Oh, foolish heart! why longer wait to know the worst or best.
Thus—gently, as we touch some sacred thing—
I break the slender screen that veils my treasure from all other eyes,
And as the well-known writing greets my gaze
Warm tears run o'er it from my yearning heart—
Sick with the thirst for home.

"All's well"—thank God for that!—the words come rippling to my
And then ebb back, half-drowned in sobs, [lips,
For I never hope to see "the old familiar faces" more,
Save thus in memory's tear-stained glass,
Till they and I have changed the form we know,
And stand at last upon the Timeless Shore—at Home.

A NEW LYRIC BY MR. BROWNING.

"Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing
more.
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

"Now on earth, to stand suffices, nay, if kneeling serves, to kneel:
Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight—not over, under—perfect sees beyond appeal.

"Good you are and wise, full circle; what to me were more out-
side?
Wiser wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them?
Mine at least has never tried."

—From "*Ferishtah's Fancies*."

A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

There is a certain house set on a hill, where two or three charming women hold sway. Very animated and delightful is the conversation one enjoys at this house. Quick wit, delicate tact, tender feeling, high sentiment, all these have their part in it. Callers come smiling from that door. They have been amused, entertained, refreshed, often strengthened. The moral barometer has gone up. One element is noticeably lacking in the conversation of this family. The trivial discussion of other people's affairs, which form so large a part of much of the conversation we hear, does not enter into the talk of these women. Personal matters seem by some magic never to get into it, never to be thought of. If, by any awkwardness, such matters are lugged in, the change of atmosphere is instantaneous and remarkable. These brilliant women become positively stupid. They are not interested. They have nothing to say. They look bored. One feels that he has committed a *faux pas* of the worst description if, unwittingly, in this parlor, he drops into the familiar "they say," or "have you heard?" They never have heard. They never know anything about it. They look as dull as they know how to look. One does not even hear them bemoaning the fact that gossip is so prevalent, that reports will get about, and that people will repeat and magnify and misjudge. They do not condemn gossip. It simply does not thrive in the atmosphere they live in. Very little of it goes into that house, and none comes out of it. —*Christian Union*.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

The visitor to the petrified forest near Corizo, on the little Colorado, will begin to see the signs of petrification hours before he reaches the wonder; here and there, at almost every step in the road, small pieces of detached limbs and larger stumps of trees may be seen almost hidden in the white sand. The road at a dis-